

*Prin.* What saist thou, mistress quickly? how doeth t  
band? I loue him well, he is an honest man.  
*Hof.* Good my Lord, heare me.  
*Fals.* Prethee let her alone, and list to me.  
*Prin.* What saist thou, Iacke?  
*Fals.* The other night, I fell asleepe here, behind the Arras,  
and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy house, they  
pickt pockets.  
*Prin.* What didst thou lose, Iacke?  
*Fal.* Wilt thou beleue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of for-  
eign pound a piece, and a scale ring of my grandfather's.  
*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penie matter.  
*Hof.* So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your grace say  
so: & my lord, he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd  
man, as he is, and said he would cudgel you.  
*Prin.* What he did not?  
*Hof.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.  
*Fals.* There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune, nor  
no more truth in thee, then in a drawn foxe, and for woman-  
hood, maid mariō may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee.  
Go, you thing, go.  
*Hof.* Say, what thing, what thing?  
*Fals.* What thing? why a thing to thanke God on.  
*Hof.* I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst  
know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knighthood  
aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.  
*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say o-  
therwise.  
*Hof.* Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?  
*Fals.* What beast? why, an Otter.  
*Prince.* An Otter, sir Iohn? why an Otter?  
*Fals.* Why? thee's neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not  
where to haue her.  
*Hof.* Thou art an vniust man, in saying so, thou or any man  
knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.  
*Prin.* Thou sayst true, Hostesse, and hee slaunders thee most  
grossely.  
*Hof.* So he doeth you, my Lord, and sayd this other day, You

oughte him a thousand pound.  
*Prin.* Sirra, do I owe you a thousand pound?  
*Fals.* A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy loue is worth a  
million: thou owest me thy loue.  
*Hof.* Nay, my Lord, he cald you Iacke, and saide hee woulde  
cudgel you.  
*Fals.* Did I, Bardol?  
*Bar.* Indeed, sir Iohn, you sayd so.  
*Fals.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.  
*Prin.* I say t'is copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?  
*Fals.* Why, Hal? Thou knowest as thou art but man I dare,  
but as thou art prince, I feare thee as I feare the roaring of the  
Lyons whelpe.  
*Prin.* And why not as the Lyon?  
*Fal.* The king himselfe is to be feared as the Lion: doest thou  
thinke ile feare thee, as I feare thy father? nay, and I doe, I pray  
God my girdle breake.  
*Prin.* O, if it should, howe woulde thy guts fall about thy  
knees: but sirra, there's no roome for faith, trueth, nor honestie,  
in this bosome of thine. It is all fill'd vp with guttes, and midriffe.  
Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou  
horeson impudent imboist rascall, if there were any thing in thy  
pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of bawdy hou-  
ses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee  
long winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries  
but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you wil not  
pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?  
*Fal.* Doest thou heare, Hal? thou knowest in the state of inno-  
cencie Adam fell, & what should poore Iacke Falstaffe do in the  
dayes of villanie? thou seest I haue more flesh then another man,  
& therefore more frailty. You confesse the you pickt my pocket.  
*Prin.* It appears so by the storie.  
*Fal.* Hostesse, I forgiue thee, goe make ready breakfast, loue  
thy husband, looke to thy seruantes, cherish thy ghests, thou  
halt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pa-  
cified still: nay, prethee be gone. *Exit Hostesse.*  
Now, Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery, lad: how is that  
answered?

*Prin.*